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## ORIGINAL.

## HOR. CAR. ODE 24th, LIB. 1st.

TO VIRGIL.

WHAT solace for the drooping mind ?—  
 Ah ! where shall grief a barrier find,  
 For one belov'd so long ?—  
 Offspring of Jove—Melpomene divine,  
 Come wean my plaintive song !—  
 Pour on my soul the melting strain,  
 And strike, in wild lament, thy harp's deep tone again !

Say, is that wakeless sleep Quintilius' now ?—  
 Does night eternal press that fallen brow ?—  
 A chaster spirit where shall virtue find—  
 Fair Constancy and Truth with sister Justice join'd ?

The many good mourn'd o'er the lonely dead ;—  
 But most the tears, which thou, my Virgil, shed ;—  
 Yet tears are vain,—the gods no suppliant heed,—  
 Nor gave Quintilius' life from mortal weakness freed !

Though thou in sweeter strains could'st chime  
 Thy magick lyre, in wildering swell,—  
 Than Thracian Orpheus e'er could sound,  
 Who charm'd the list'ning woods around.—  
 Blood warms no more the parted soul,  
 When sway'd by Fate in dark control,  
 It mingles with that shadow'y band,  
 Which flit in mazy dance 'neath Hermes' magick wand !

Tis hard,—but patience cheats the weariness of pain,  
 And soothes our present wo—when other hope were vain !  
*Brunswick.* W——R.

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SCHILL. *A pillar, in an open field near Stralsund, bore the following inscription in German. The popular attention was too strongly attracted to it, and it was shortly removed.*

Who rests this nameless mound beneath,  
 Thus rudely pil'd upon the heath ?  
 Naked to winds and waters sweep,  
 Does here some gloomy outcast sleep !  
 Yet many a footstep freshly round,  
 Marks it as lov'd, as holiest ground.

Stranger ! this mound is all the grave  
 Of one who liv'd as live the brave,  
 Nor ever heart's devoted tide  
 More nobly pour'd than when he died !

Strange ! no stone might dare to tell  
His name who on this red spot fell !

These steps are steps of German men,  
That, when the tyrant's in his den,  
Come crowding round with midnight tread,  
To vow their vengeance o'er the dead.  
Dead ! no, that spirit's bright'ning still,  
Soldier ! thou seest the grave of SCHILL !

### EPIGRAMS

*From the English Morning Chronicle.*

#### ON THE PRESENT RAIN.

QUOTH Tom, what miserable weather !  
The present rain does more,  
To ruin farmers altogether,  
Than ever rain before.

Alas good Tom ! with narrow eyes,  
This grivance you pursue,  
The *present rain* what man denies,  
Has ruined England too ?

#### DIVINITY AND PHYSIC ;—OR D. D. AND M. D.

How D. D. swaggers, M. D. rolls !  
I dub them both a brace of noddies !  
Old D. D. has the care of souls,  
And M. D. has the care of bodies.

Between them both what treatment rare,  
Our souls and bodies must endure ;  
One has the cure without the care,  
And one the care without the cure.

*On hearing the Regent accused of making distinctions in the invitations to his Fete.*

No more, disloyal wretch, for shame !  
No more your prince unjustly blame,  
For splendid *Fetes* display ;  
The prince and people share their state,  
To give them is the Prince's *Fete*,  
The people's *fete* to pay.